THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

WAVE AND TIDE.

On the far reef the breakers
  Recoil in shattered foam,
Yet still the sea behind them
  Urges its forces home;
Its chant of triumph surges
  Through all the thunderous din:
The wave may break in failure,
  But the tide is sure to win!

The reef is strong and cruel;
  Upon its jagged wall
One wave—a score—a hundred,
  Broken and beaten fall;
Yet in defeat they conquer,
  The sea comes flooding in:
Wave upon wave is routed,
  But the tide is sure to win!

O mighty sea! thy message
  In clanging spray is cast;
Within God's plan of progress
  It maters not at last
How wide the shores of evil,
  How strong the reefs of sin:
The wave may be defeated,
  But the tide is sure to win!

—Priscilla Leonard.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. FERRIER - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

NEGLECTED FIELDS.

A statement of some of the results of the recent neglected field survey under the auspices of the Home Missions Council of several of the leading denominations has been issued by the committee. In it we find the following concerning a section of the Pacific Northwest: "The 'Inland Empire,' a truly imperial territory, one of the richest, and rapidly becoming one of the most highly developed agricultural sections of the Northwest, is said to have no strictly rural ministry except here and there one carrying to the front the historic name, Lutheran." In one rich valley of one state, fifty-four miles from a railroad, with a population of 5,000 and capable of supporting 50,000 people, there was found only one church. In one state about 75,000 people were reported as residing five miles, and more, from any church. In another state it was ascertained that in each of 14 counties there were only three places of worship. And in another state one county, with a population of 9,000, was found without any religious ministry except that supplied by the Mormons.

As to the foreigners it is said: "The problem of the foreigner is not to be thought of as belonging to the Atlantic Coast alone. The proportion of foreign born is as great in some western states as it is in New York, and larger in some western communities than it is in New York City or Boston."

The survey disclosed the fact that there are thousands of Indians who are sun-worshipers and pagans and have never so much as heard of Christ.

Tribute is paid to the influence of the Orientals who brought to Christ on the Pacific Coast have voluntarily carried the gospel back to their native province, Canton. "Reports, with indubitable proof, show that more effective work has been wrought for their country by these returning Christian Chinese than by all missionary boards laboring in that province."

As to the hold some of the Oriental religions are getting in this country it is said by the committee: "One of the most startling facts confirmed by investigation is that Buddhism in Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles, is aggressively propagating itself from those cities as centers. Buddhist temples have been erected, in which cultured priests administer the rites and ceremonies of their religion, and through a series of lectures in various parts of those cities are reaching large numbers of Americans, especially women. Christianity is being put on the defensive and is grappling in the struggle with the religions and cults of the Orient.

FIFTY YEARS WITHOUT A SUNDAY SCHOOL OR PREACHING SERVICE.

The last number of The American Missionary contains account of a community in Oregon, settled for fifty years, that of Elk Creek, in which there was never a Sunday-school or preaching service until last year when work was inaugurated by a Congregational Sunday-school Society representative. If all the members of the school are in the picture which is given in connection with the magazine article, it numbers thirty-two persons, about two-thirds of them being children and young people. One grandmother in that community, who is seventy years old, and who has lived in Oregon thirty-seven years, attended Sunday-school for the first time last year. Her four sons, one of whom is 47 years old, also had their first Sunday-school experience after work was inaugurated there in Elk Creek by the Sunday-school missionary last year. The grandmother, it seems, had attended preaching service before she came to Oregon; but never there during all those 37 years.

It is not surprising that the missionary writes of great interest in religious work now in that long-neglected community, and of fields ripe for harvesting.

LOOKING EAGERLY FOR ROOSEVELT'S DECISION.

People all over the country are awaiting with eager expectancy the direct answer which it is thought Theodore Roosevelt will give to the friends who are pressing him to state that he will be a candidate at the Chicago convention in June for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. President Taft has done as well as Roosevelt could have done as our chief executive the last three years. Roosevelt would have stormed and blustered at times, and in a spectacular manner would have caused not a few people to think that more had been accomplished or was about to be accomplished. That counts for considerable with some people.

From a study of the life and career of William Howard Taft there seems to us no justification for that feeling which The Outlook says is growing more and more throughout the country that there is nothing to show that when human rights clash with property rights he would stand for property rights and against human rights. Trained judicially, Mr. Taft believes in abiding by the laws of the country. None of the "big interests" can influence him any more than they can Roosevelt. But the latter has a way of saying things, and in such a spectacular manner, as to lead some people to believe that there is a difference in their relation to these interests. We have a picture of Roosevelt in mind now as he stood on the platform in the Greek Theater in Berkeley last year and said: "I wish it to be distinctly understood that I have not the smallest prejudice against multi-millionaires. I like them. But I always feel this way when I meet one of them: You have made millions—good! That shows you must have something in you; I wish you would show it."

It was grand—the way he said it, and his look as he said it was masterly. Roosevelt didn't intend it to be this—and yet, it was pandering to the passions of that

class of people who have come to look on every man with large wealth as no better than a thief or a highway robber. The country isn't getting spectacular attitudes and utterances from President Taft; but there is every reason for the belief that he has the interests of humanity deeply at heart.

And what the nation needs in this time of anarchistic trend is law—is men who will stand for the enforcement of the laws. If there are unjust laws, let the popular will repeal them; but let no one defy any law so long as it stands on our statute books. There is a not inconsiderable class of people today who think that property rights and human rights clash when they do not clash; their judgments are warped. And so in defiance of law they frequently proceed to destroy property in what they erroneously regard as the interests of human rights; and in this way undermine the very foundations of human rights.

We do not mean that Theodore Roosevelt is in this class. He denounces such action, and is far above it. And in our judgment every legitimate interest would be safe in his hands. However by his spectacular manner of getting at things he delights that class more than Taft does; they are forever thinking that he is going to do something; and anyway, the agitation against what are called the big interests is kept up, to the joy of those who think that the agitation will keep them so thoroughly frightened that they will behave themselves.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The California Outlook, the Progressive Republican paper, had donations to the amount of ten thousand dollars last year to make up the deficit in the expense of publication. It is stated that as much will be needed this year.

Bishop Funston of Idaho writes in The Pacific Churchman, concerning the work of the Protestant Episcopal Church among the Shoshone and Bannock Indians on the Fort Hall Reservation, saying in part: "At this point there is the Government agency, also the Government school, and it is the center of a population of about 2,000 Indians who are still in the elementary stages of civilization—they are in a nomadic condition, pitching their tents from place to place, moving restlessly about in savage costumes with their picturesque ponies. They are not the educated, church-loving Indians of South Dakota, but people who know litle about the Gospel and who are careless and indifferent to the teachings of Christianity. Though an excellent beginning has been made by faithful effort in the past, our work with these Indians has mainly yet to be done." The clergyman in charge baptized one hundred Indians last year, all young people; it is exceedingly difficult to do much with the older ones.

In a recent pastoral letter the Rev. Jonathan Edwards of the Congregational Church of Sprague, Washington, said to his people: "May God vouchsafe you the uplift and stimulus of lofty purposes, holy aspirations, and undying consciousness of his indwelling and leading. I bespeak to you an increased hunger for the bread of life, more poignant thirst for the living waters, and an augmented conviction of the supremacy of the spiritual; a meekness that will make you serene amid turmoil and trials, a generosity that dispels malice and envy, love of mercy and heart purity that gives divine vision; a mind hospitable to new light and knowledge, clearer conception of truth, a conscience sensitive to every wrong, a vivid and elevated comprehension of God's infinite love, and genuine communion with him through Jesus Christ." Mr. Edwards came to Washington in 1886, from a pastorate at Scranton, Pennsylvania. His first pastorate in the Pacific Northwest was with Westminster Congregational Church, Spokane. For more than a quarter of a century he has worked with such consecration and ability in the Inland Empire region as to stamp his life enduringly on that part of our Pacific Coast civilization. The present writer has been glad to claim him as a friend since those days in 1886 when he worked editorially for a few months on a Spokane daily paper and was a member of his congregation in the little city which has grown in the years since from 4,000 to 125,000 inhabitants. The life of Jonathan Edwards has counted for the best things all those years. May Wales send us more like him!

The last annual report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs states that conditions make it questionable whether the Indians at Quinault, Washington, will ever become successful farmers. "For many generations they have been expert fishermen, and still earn $20,000 to $30,000 annually from their catch of salmon. Nevertheless, in view of the probable decline in the fisheries, it is wise to do what is possible in turning these Indians toward agriculture. To date, 690 Indians have been allotted almost 65,000 acres. As another resource the reservation has very valuable timber which will be administered for the benefit of the tribe." Mention is made of instruction given the Indians in the school at Tulalip, Washington, which brings to each child some sense of public duties and of the form and purposes of government, and by giving them a degree of self-government, by which it is said there has been created such a respect for property that there is not a marked book, or a defaced building or piece of furniture anywhere at the school.

There is published in Vancouver, British Columbia, a paper called "The Aryan," which is "devoted to the spread of the Eastern view of truth, the interests of the Hindus in the British dominions, and the causes of the present unrest in India." "The Friend," our Honolulu cotemporary, remarks: "Its presence reminds us that the East is becoming more aggressive in its peaceful invasion of the West. Our own Pacific coast is not yet greatly troubled by the coming of the man from India because he has not immigrated in large numbers. But British Columbia has had one or two minor fits over him, and this periodical portends that he means both to stand upon his rights there and to be his own interpreter. All this is good because it will eventually lead to better understanding of East by West and West by East. As long as the Occident learned to know the Orient only through those of its own people who traveled or lived there, misunderstandings were certain to arise. One of the best ways to minimize these is to secure a counter current, to bring the Orient to the Occident. For hundreds of years the West has gone East, now the East is beginning to go West. The movement is healthy, and while at first increased friction at the point of contact is unavoidable, the ultimate outcome will be clearer mutual understanding, increased mutual respect and developing intimacy. Hence we welcome such papers as The Aryan which will do good even though they sometimes may provoke acrimonious discussion.

In "Blue Sky," the biography of Mrs. Caswell-Broad, a review of which will be found elsewhere in The Pacific this week, there is an interesting account of the evolution of a student. The incident came to Mrs. Broad several years ago when she was traveling in the South in the interests of the Home Missionary Society. At that time she wrote: "The evolution of a student is something to be remembered. Young men and women enter school unkempt, half-clothed, with very little evidence of brain power or promise of scholarship, yet almost from the beginning prove that they have brains and are willing to use them. The face soon lights up and the work is done with avidity. Not a few of these unpromising students have completed the Academy course with honor. You cannot put a chicken back into its shell, nor can these young people ever return to the narrow, humdrum, aimless lives in which their parents have lived. One boy of the Iberia region had no money, no friends to help him and apparently no marked ability, being a very crude product of the Osark. Principal Smith had a friendly talk with this boy one day and induced him to come to the Academy for one term. To the boy this meant simply a business advantage for himself. He was utterly poor, but by securing small jobs kept himself from starvation while pursuing his studies. One part of his wardrobe was a leather strap. He was able to take breakfast at the Academy club. But at dinner time he tightened the strap to crush the pang of hunger and at supper time he drew it still tighter, thus living on one meal a day. Having lived through one term he decided to stay another. Leading citizens of Iberia remonstrated with Principal Smith for keeping this boy in school. "What's the use?" they said. "That boy ought to be at work getting a decent living; you are imposing on him." At the end of the year the boy manifested some desire for higher education. The princial urged him to prepare for college. Finally he entered upon his second year of preparation, graduated at the Academy with honor and entered college. With energy and self-sacrifice he worked his way through, standing high in his class, after which he entered the Theological Seminary, and being graduated there, returned to Iberia and preached one Sunday morning. The whole town turned out to hear him, including citizens who were doubtful as to the wisdom of his studying. After service these men came to Principal Smith, and expressing great pride in their young citizen, acknowledged their mistake in the beginning of his career. This young man is now pastor of a large church on the Pacific Coast."

TWO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA COMMENTS ON THE CITY TEMPLE PREACHER.

We have read with interest what two Pasadena ministers have said concerning the Rev. R. J. Campbell—the Rev. Dr. Fox of the First Congregational Church, in the British Congregationalist; and the Rev. Dr. Freeman of the First Presbyterian Church, in The Pacific Presbyterian.

After giving the Southern California schedule which showed what a remarkably busy week Mr. Campbell put in in Southern California, Dr. Fox stated that the universal verdict was that he had won all hearts through his manifest sincerity, fairness, and spirituality, adding:

"He combines in a unique manner the mystical, social, and critical aspects of the present religious movements. He knows the modern mind, and makes religion a vital, sane, joyous experience."

Mr. Campbell is quoted as saying as he stepped on board the Santa Fe Limited for Chicago:

"This is the spot where God did his best. Climate, like Italy, ideal; people most hospitable, possessing the art of making one feel at home; mountains and sea at your door, orange groves between; a picture, no matter in what direction you look. We are charmed with it all."

Dr. Fox remarks:

"Many times we have heard that before, but, like a compliment to a pretty woman, it is always in order, and just as pleasing the last time as the first.

"Pasadena was the farthest point from home for Mr. Campbell on his present trip, and even here he was not among strangers. I asked for a show of hands from those in the audience who had, at some time or another, worshipped in the City Temple; and so great was the response that I turned instinctively to Mr. Campbell and said, 'Will you kindly introduce me to your audience. I should like to make a few announcements.' "

The Rev. Robert Freeman, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Pasadena, says in part in The Pacific Presbyterian:

"All of us have heard some fearsome rumors and read lurid newspaper paraghaphs on the aberrant theology of the Reverend Reginald J. Campbell, of the City Temple, London. A few of us, a very few I am convinced, have read what he himself has written in his books, only to have the rumors and paragraphs startlingly confirmed. Consequently many have refused, during these recent days of opportunity, to go where they could see and hear for themselves this idiosyncratic theologian.

"But those who have dared enter into the den with this reported wild beast have suffered from neither claw nor fang; instead thousands of Christians have been confirmed in their faith by his passionate utterances, and many a preacher has been moved to pray God for a double portion of this messenger's spirit.

Ay, that is it—his spirit. Dr. Winchester, of Wesleyan University, in a volume on literary criticism, asserts, 'It will always be found more just as well as more generous to judge a man's life by his books than to judge his book by his life.' Undoubtedly this kind of judgment is frequently more generous. Andrea del Sarto, and Dean Swift, and Lord Byron, and Goethe, and Burns, would suffer nothing were we to forget much of their biography and remember only the product of their genius. Frequently, however, a man's best book is a very inadequate, if not wholly false interpreter of his spirit and life. Neither the books Mr. Campbell has written nor the reports of his sayings published and quoted everywhere, begin to do justice to the man. Indeed, I am of the opinion that his own words give a false impression of him unless one has come in some measure to know their author and consequently to perceive the interpenetration of his spirit in all his sayings. A prophet's power lies not in his words but in his spirit. Verily, then, this man is a prophet of God. He came not among us as the champion of any new theology, though he may believe in one;—his tribute to the worth and work of Mr. Moody was that of one Christian devoted to another. Rather did he come as a Christian and a statesman to tell of the Kingdom's progress in the mother land to communicate something of his deep concern over the secularizing of our educational institutions, to speak 'a guid word for Jesus Christ' among all sorts and conditions of men, university students, preachers, fanatical socialists, Christians of every denomination. His presence alone is singularly effective; that white hair, those deep

dark eyes, that earnest, thoughtful, almost ascetic face, his strictly clerical garb—all these create a strong predisposition to listen. But it is his spirit, his spirituality, which I suppose may be defined as accord with the Spirit, that grips and holds and makes one thank God for the chance to have sat at his feet, if only for a little while."

FOREIGN POPULATION IN SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The full returns of the census of 1910 are not yet accessible, but statistics have been carefully gathered which would give the foreign population of San Francisco and of California north of Tehachapi as follows:

	San Francisco	Northern California.
Italians	30,000	60,000
French	10,000	15,000
Portuguese	1,000	20,000
Russians	2,000	4,000
Finns	1,000	5,000
Swedes	10,000	25,000
Germans	60,000	120,000
Greeks	6,000	10,000
Poles	3,000	7,000
Servians	6,000	10,000
Croatians	10,000	20,000
Austro-Hungarians	6,000	10,000
Koreans	200	500
Jews	30,000	50,000
Hindoos	1,00	1,500
Filipinos	500	500
Mexicans	8,000	20,000
Other Central Americans	7,000	12,000
Chinese	10,000	35,000
Japanese	5,000	35,000
Total	205,800	460,500

A committee appointed by the Men and Religion Forward Movement, consisting of A. Wesley Mell, W. P. Bentley and Levi Gregory, gathered these figures. They say:

These figures, which are approximately correct, are startling in that they reveal to us that out of an urban population of 416,000, according to the census of last year, 205,000, or about one-half, are foreign, speaking over half a hundred different languages.

The investigations of the Committee would show that there are about 100,000 of these foreign speaking peoples, especially from Central and Southern Europe, who are almost wholly unreached by the existing agencies of the church, and whom the church is making no special and adequate effort to save.

Immigration from Northern Europe does not give promise of a large increase, but immigration from Central and Southern Europe will undoubtedly largely increase. The Golden State is much as those lands on the Mediterranean sea, and the population of the Pacific Coast is bound to become increasingly foreign; and on the opening of the Panama Canal thousands, year, hundreds of thousands, can be expected from Central and Southern Europe; strong, sturdy, patient toilers who are needed for the development of our land.

The State is preparing to effectively deal with this problem and guide it to the best interests of the immigrants themselves and of the entire State. Should not the churches by united co-operative effort deal with the same statesman-like ability with the religious problems of this immigration?

It will require federated effort, and after a canvass of the existing agencies and the problems confronting us, and as this matter of alien evangelism logically comes under the oversight of the Home Mission Council, representing as it does all the churches that work in the field, your Committee recommends that this Council be made permanent and assume an advisory relation to all the churches and their work for these people, to the end of securing adequate and effective missions for all the nationalities in San Francisco and Northern California.

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

An Old Time Revival.

By Rev. Joseph Rowell.

It was in the year 1845 in Kimball Union Academy, at Meriden, N. H. Three students of the class about to graduate met on the green, and stopped to talk over the spiritual state of the school.

"We have been here nearly three years, and in this time not a student has been converted. We cannot bear to leave the academy with such a record, but what can we do? Let us do this: Let us today select each one student for personal labor, meet here tomorrow, reveal to each other the names chosen, and then pray unitedly for the conversion of these three till they shall come to Christ, each, meanwhile, laboring with the person chosen by him."

They made their selections and the next day met again and began this united effort with real faith and consecration. I had charge of the choir, and chose my chief soprano singer, a girl with sterling qualities, but headstrong and a little reckless. That evening this girl, with a rather wild young male student, met in the room of my best contralto singer, directly beneath my own,and spent hours in a carousal. I could hear their jokes and songs and laughter. I could not study, but spent those hours in prayer. One thing said I could never forget. The young man said: "Do you know what my old mother, away off in Ohio, is doing just now? She is praying 'God bless my dear son and those two pretty girls he has hold of.'" God's Spirit had already begun His good work, and my soul was filled with joyful hope.

The next morning at public prayers the Principal led, and selected a hymn that told of conviction for sin. I asked these two girls to sing the third line of each verse as a duet. They did so, struggled bravely through the first verse though, as I perceived, with difficulty, but in the middle of the duet in the second verse this girl burst into tears, and sank into her seat. All the students knew that she was under conviction of sin, and a deep impression was made. I labored with her in her room, and two days after, she was rejoicing in a bright hope. Now the work, so happily begun, spread and spread, and these three students had to select other subjects nearly every day. About forty students were led to Christ before the term closed. The work was marked by a feature rarely seen at this day, viz., a deep conviction of sin, and very naturally the conversions were clear and decided. This girl, afterwards, in Philadelphia, a married woman, started a Sunday-school which grew into a strong church, and others of these converts became good workers for the Master. Would to God we could have many such revivals now!

Our lives will be no higher than our aims.

THE MAN FROM LABRADOR.

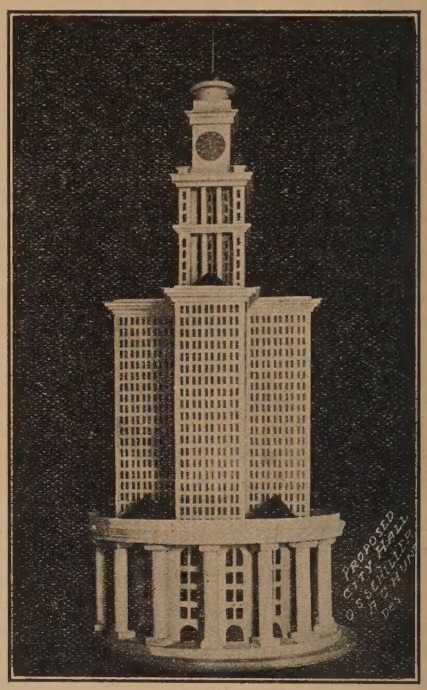
Dr. Wilfrid Grenfell has come among us, has told in his modest way the story of the work he has done and is doing in Labrador, and has left anew the impression, and deeply too, that the only work that is really worth while is that which is done in the spirit of him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. And all that Dr. Grenfell says and does leaves the impression that he would have his hearers understand that it can be done as well on the Pacific Coast as in the wilds of Labrador. Believing that "it is not so much for holding services, as for rendering services, that the world is looking to the Church today," Dr. Grenfell, emphasizes the practical. He believes that "the qualification for life eternal is to have done well"; that the final test is to be ethical, not theological." And he says that he "expects to find more roads leading into the Golden City than many seem even to wish for." "After the school day of life I look for an ecclesia, a mighty host, called out for more perfect service."

Service seems to be the keynote of his creed. The Los Angeles Times remarked editorially after he had left the aroma of his spirit in Southern California, that he seems to have in his soul the real apostolic succession..

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

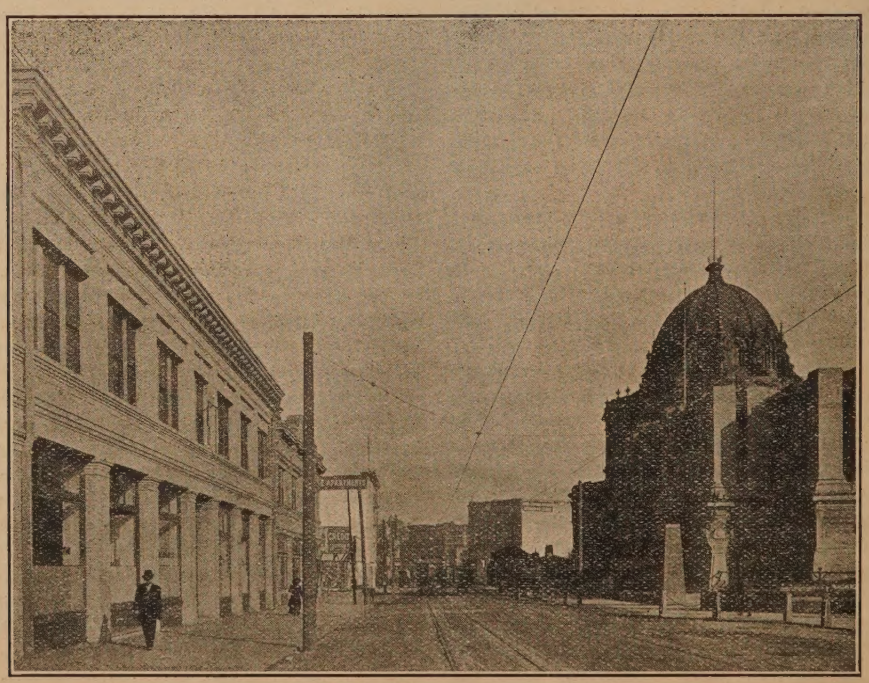
On the new civic center is a piece of property now belonging to the California Bible Society, 97½ foot frontage, 137 foot depth, with a $30,000 two-story brick building. The value of the property is estimated at about $120,000. A payment is still to be met of $62,000.

The California Bible Society for over fifty years did a notable Bible work in many languages in the State of California, but by a re-organization of the work throughout the United States the California Bible Society with other state auxiliary societies was amalgamated into one Pacific Agency of the American Bible Society.



The trustees of the California Bible Society have had in their care this valuable property on McAllister street, which they now offer to the American Bible Society; however, the final payment of $62,000 is to be met before the gift is made.

The work of the American Bible Society is historic and world-wide. Its work on the Pacific Coast is conducted through an Agency Secretary, Rev. A. Wesley Mell, and a staff of colporteurs selling and distributing the Scriptures

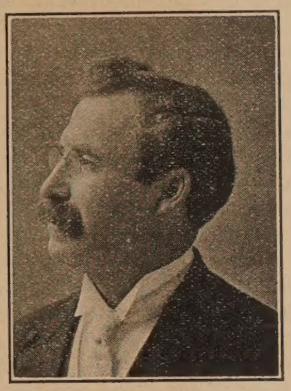


The Building Shown in the left of the Above Picture Represents the Property Offered to the American Bible Society

in 55 languages. Its work is wholly benevolent and missionary in character.

The securing of this property will furnish a headquarters for the great work of Bible distribution on the Coast, and will make a splendid reinforcement for the work of Home

REV. A. WESLEY MELL
Agency Secretary



REV. T. DAVIS ACHESON
Special Representative

Missions in all the denomniations, and will also provide a perpetual income for the work of the Society; this income however is not to supplant but to supplement the contributions of the churches.

Rev. T. Davis Acheson was taken from his work as financial agent of Whitworth College, in Tacoma, Wash., to lead in this notable undertaking.

Mr. Acheson is a man of exceptional ability and gives promise of being the right man for this undertaking. Good men everywhere who believe in the strengthening of moral forces should rally with strong support to this worthy project.

The best type of morality always includes the little moralities as honor includes honesty.

THE INTERNATIONAL REFORM BUREAU, AND THE CALIFORNIA FIELD.

J. E. Squires.

As State Secretary of the International Reform Bureau in California I desire to say a few words to pastors and people in this field. First of all, I call attention to the general outlook of moral reform on the world field and say that the survey was never more hopeful.

The world movements in behalf of universal peace are marked indeed, and this in the face of the fact that evolutions and revolutions are now on in various parts of the earth. But the waste of war in men and money will not always be tolerated. The new "Internationalism" manifest everywhere suggests a solidarity of the race, not hitherto reckoned with.

The Conference now on at the Hague in the interest of the suppression of poisonous drugs is a suggestion of a similar action by all the nations in behalf of the suppression of poisonous drinks as well.

The principle of the "new justice," as expressed in Juvenile Courts and Domestic Courts in which delinquents and dependents are to get not only a square deal, but a merciful deal, tells of a new spirit in civilization in this era of the world's life.

The spirit of co-operation among reform organizations and other religious bodies in the interest of public weal, is without parallel in any past time.

A most notable illustration of this is seen in the great conference at Washington in which 26 reform societies from thirty-nine states took part, and all united in an attack of the "Interstate Commerce" protection of liquor coming from wet territory into dry states. All endorsed the "Kenyon-Shepherd" bill now before the United States Congress—the beginning of a mighty end in the interest of righteousness in the life of the nation.

But I am sure we can think, with pardonable pride, upon the achievements in moral reform during the year just past in our own State, for California has outrun all competitors in the race for civic and moral cleansing within the past year and a half.

Mr. Roosevelt has said: "In thirty years of public life I have not known so many good laws come to any State in a year as came to California in 1911."

The Local Option law, the Anti-race Gambling law, the law against slot-machine gambling and the increased penalty (ten years instead of five years) against white slaving, and making the law effective, are not all we need, on the plane of moral reform. But they are the beginning of a series that indicate a rising tide of protest in our great State, against the commercialized vices that hitherto have fed and fattened upon our people.

Many more of a similar kind must come to us and the International Reform Bureau plans to put its best energy and the experience of twenty-five years of successful work in the nation, into the fight now on in this field.

A Sunday Rest law is among the most needed of Reforms in California and our Advisory Board, composed of leading Laymen and Ministers of all the churches on the Coast, are taking up this matter in a wise and timely way, and we will co-operate as is our custom with all good agencies in bringing about an end so much to be desired.

The social evil must be dealt with in a most heroic fashion, and challenges the moral energy of all good agencies in the State. The red-light injunction bill offered in the last Legislature by Mr. Wylie and published by the

State W. C. T. U., commends itself to us as the proper bill to command united effort in this matter.

We also greatly need a state anti-prize fight law something like the bill offered by Mr. Henshaw of Long Beach at the last session of the Legislature and to this we are most strongly committed.

Further we need a law against all kinds of gambling and raffling and games of chance. What same states have done in this regard can be done in California, and must be done. And we believe the time is now ripe for such a sweeping law as would prohibit utterly all kinds of gambling and we further believe that the present voting constituency of the State warrants such legislation.

But not the least of all the needed reform now before us is the protection of childhood and youth against the exploitation by bad men of the leisure hours through bad pictures on bill boards, in vaudeville and nickelodians.

A state law demanding a real censorship of all these as we filter a water supply in the towns and cities is an absolute necessity, and while our Bureau stands for the nation-wide and world-wide reforms we take leading part in destroying microbes of the smallest kind if they carry disease and death with them.

The task in city, state, nation and world is not ours, but yours and ours, brethren, and I appeal to you not to consider our appeal as bringing in an "outside matter," but an inside matter of the most vital kind.

Dr. Crafts, our national superintendent, has said "that about one in one hundred of Christian people are alive and awake to the need of moral reform," and that the "greatest reform now before us is to enlist the whole church of God in the work of Reform." And to this task we set ourselves in the great state of California. Anything that ought to be done can be done and we are the people who must lead as the church of God in all these really great matters. "Forward upon our knees," said Neessima, Japan's great apostle of Evangelism, and so must we go, if we would serve Him, whose right it is to reign and who awaits our coming up to the line.

THE VOCABULARY OF SYMBOL.

Under this title the Rev. Herbert A. Jump addressed his communion talk to his people a few weeks ago. He said in part:

"In the beginning was the Word. Very soon after the beginning came the symbol. Religion has always had its symbols. The Fetich worshipper in Africa bows down to his polished billet of wood; the Mohammedan worships his holy tree; the Christian reveres the cross beams which make his Master's life dramatic for the salvation of all ages. But whether the wood be polished or adorned with leaves or nailed into the shape of a cross, it has a symbolic value for the spiritual life. During the romantic Middle Ages, Europe streamed in successive martial invasions towards the East. Men, women and children were interested in the holy sepulchre. But the holy sepulchre was nothing but a symbol. The crusades were crusades toward a symbol.

In our Congregational churches we do not have an oversupply of symbolism. Therefore, we should the more preciously guard whatever has been permitted to us. For example, ought not the sacrament of our Lord to become almost the center of our formal religious life? Ought not all the details of that sacrament to be worked out with scrupulous care, and all of the participants be so trained in their various duties as to make it an occasion of deep and lasting impression? In order that this may be so, ought not the symbols of the sacrament, for example, the communion table itself, be kept sacred to the one use to which it was consecrated? I shall never forget the shock with which I entered a certain church a few years ago. The ecclesiastical council had just completed its business, and a number of the ministers were still remaining for a chat. Three men, to my astonishment, were actually seated on the table of our Lord. They were laughing over some funny stories that were being exchanged. Meanwhile, between their dangling legs I was able to see the motto inscribed on the front of the sacred table, "This do in remembrance of Me." Thoughtless it was, to be sure, on their part; but had they any excuse to be thus thoughtless? It is surely no honor to God Almighty to use the table ordinarily sanctified by the presence of the sacred elements as a flower-stand or as a secretary's desk, or as a book shelf. If it may be used for anything other than the holding of the bread and the wine, the line must be drawn at the regular offering in which the Christian gives back his life to the Master who gave His holy life for the salvation of the world. Let the bread and the wine of the Master's gift to us and our money as our gift to Him be the only things ever permitted to stand on that wood which has been hallowed for most holy symbolic ends."

GLIMPSES OF SOME NEW BOOKS.

"Realizable Ideals." By Theodore Roosevelt. In this volume are given to the public in printed form the five lectures by Mr. Roosevelt on the Earle Foundation, Pacific Theological Seminary, last year. The lectures, as is well known, attracted much attention, from eight to twelve thousand people crowding into the Greek Theater in Berkeley to hear them. In a brief introduction Professor William Frederic Bade says: "Their fine ethical purpose justifies the hope that they may continue to stimulate good citizenship in wider circles than those which came within reach of the speaker's voice." The subjects are: Realizable Ideals, The Home and the Child, The Bible and the Life of the People, The Public Servant, and the Eighth Commandment, The Shaping of Public Opinion and the Ninth Commandment. Would that a copy of this book could go into every public library and every high school and college library in the country! Roosevelt didn't say anything new in those lectures, but all that he did say he said in a very interesting way. They gripped the people who heard them; and they have not lost their power on the printed page. Their reading will make for better manhood. (Whittaker & Ray-Wiggin Co., San Francisco, $1.25.)

"Blue Sky"—or "The Life of Harriet Caswell-Broad." By Joseph Bourne Clarke. The life story of this gifted consecrated woman will have royal welcome. Wherever read it will be a stimulus to noble endeavor. It was given to Mrs. Broad to leave her impress on Congregational missions all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and when we read this account of her life we are reading history. From girlhood her life was given to the leavening of the nation. "Blue Sky" was one of the names given Mrs. Broad when as a young woman she was a missionary among the Indians in Western New York. Soon after she went there she was adopted into one of the clans and was

given this name. When in 1869 she was married to Mr. Caswell, a business man of Boston, in order that she might gratify the hearts in which her loving service had enshrined her, she arranged for a wedding according to the Indian fashion. On the pages of this book we follow her life of large service as it was lived in Boston and later in the work of the Congregational Home Missionary Society. Many of the readers of The Pacific will recall the visit which she and Mr Broad made to the Pacific Coast a few years ago and the inspiration of it. The Rev. C. F. clapp, who was at that time the superintendent in Oregon, writes: "She came out to the missionary fields bringing a great wealth of sympathy, as well as inspiration and cheer, and wisdom as to what could be done, and how to do it. . . . She was at home in any sort of surrounding. In the great cities she as easily graced the parlors of the rich as she sweetened and hallowed the rag-carpeted homes of the poor. She loved a log cabin, and in this new and undeveloped Pacific Coast there were plenty of them, in to some of which she went with a graciousness and naturalness that made you feel that she must have been born and reared in one herself, to understand so perfectly what it meant to live there. Her presence in these home missionary churchs was a benediction and a prayer. Her visit to those humble homes was an event to be remembered a life-time." (Pilgrim Press, Boston; $1.00 net).

"The Life of Dr. D. K. Pearsons." By Edward F. Williams. In giving as he has to the colleges of the country Dr. Pearsons has builded his life into the life of future generations in a more far-reaching manner perhaps than any other man of his time. Settling in the city of Chicago in 1860, at a time when it had only 112,000 inhabitants, Dr. Pearsons, by fortunate investments there and elsewhere acquired in the next twenty-five years property worth several million dollars, which with the exception of a few thousand dollars on which to live the remainder of his life, has gone to small colleges, mostly in the West. Some years ago he said: "Giving is my only occupation. I am working hard at it. I kept getting rich until I was seventy, and then I started to give away the fortune that had been placed in my hands. There is more responsibility in giving away money than in making it. I am responsible for the just distribution of the great wealth to the Providence under which it came to me." Dr. Pearsons always gave in such a way as to stimulate the friends of the colleges to the utmost effort locally, and only to institutions so located and managed as to give promise of a useful future. Andrew Carnegie once said of Dr. Pearsons' gifts, "It is the best line of benevolenc ever made in America." Pomona, Pacific and Whitman are Pacific Coast colleges that owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Pearsons. The author of this book says in the preface: "This book has been written to stimulate and encourage those into whose hands wealth has come, to make while yet alive such distribution of it as they would wish others to make of it after their decease. The story of Dr. Pearsons is full of stimulus and hope for ambitious young men, even if born poor. It bears testimony to the value of principle, earnest purpose, and devotion to a single object while that object is pursued. It shows what a change in public sentiment, gifts wisely made and scattered over a series of years can produce in reference to such institutions of learning as our small colleges." So vitally has Dr. Pearsons touched the life of this country during the last three decades that this story of his life is valuable history. He was never willing, says his biographer, to be called a benevolent man. "He gave, he said, as an investment, the returns of which were to be looked for in the moral and intellectual training of poor young men and women." He once said: "I am the most close-fisted, economical man you ever set eyes on. I never wasted twenty dollars in my life. . . . I live simply, frugally. I shall live longer and better and more happily by living simply." It is to be hoped that this story of his life will have large circulation. (Pilgrim Press, Boston, $1.25 net.)

"The Pilgrims of Iowa." By T. O. Douglass. In this account of pioneer days in Iowa is set forth the part which Congregationalism has had in the development religiously and educationally of one of our great commonwealths. The book will be of special interest to those persons who have had to do with the work in Iowa, not a few of whom are scattered here and there along these Pacific shores. But it is not of any such limited interest, for all in all it is a history with which all who desire to be informed as to the part of Congregationalism in the shaping of the national life, will wish to acquaint themselves. Concerning one who served long and well as an ambassador for Christ after helping to bear aloft the flag of the nation on the battlefields of our civil war we read: "Alexander Parker enlisted from Oberlin in 1861. He could from an experience of seven months give the inside view of rebel prisons at Richmond, New Orleans and Salisbury. He came to Iowa in 1864. We loaned him to California for four years, and there in 1867 he organized the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, now numbering about 2,000 members." The book is finely illustrated; on one of its pages we see the face as it was in early years of the Rev. Dr. W. M. Brooks, for thirty years at the head of Tabor College, now residing in Los Angeles. Of that college we read: "The academy began in 1857 with seventeen students. Three times during the war every member of the school liable to military duty enlisted, and some of the advanced classes were broken up. Dr. Brooks presided over this institution from its beginning in 1857 to 1896. In his day twenty-four graduates of the college became ministers and nine found their life work in foreign missionary fields, while hundreds of lives have been enlarged and enriched by this institution." It was in Iowa that the Rev. Edwin S. Hill, now at National City, California, had that notable pastorate of forty years. Concerning him it is said: "He was one of the seventeen students of the first year of Tabor academy, and was still there at the breaking out of the war. Enlisting in the Fourth Iowa Infantry and engaging in all its battles this swarthy, wiry youth came up from the trenches of Vicksburg and from other grim experiences of war to enlist in a longer and more strenuous campaign, staying by the guns at Atlantic for forty years, one of the most brilliant soldiers that ever battled for his country and for the kingdom of God. In this, his only pastorate, he officiated at 759 weddings and about 2,000 funerals and left the church with a membership of 303." In the course of this history we are reminded of the fact that the Rev. Charles R. Brown is a product of Iowa, a graduate of the State University; that Newell Dwight Hillis was a Magnolia boy; that George L. Cady learned how to preach at Iowa City and Dubuque before he was promoted to Boston; that it was in Iowa that President Eaton of Beloit received a part of his training for that high position; that

it was at Denmark and Tabor that President McClelland was in the main prepared for his great work at Knox College at Galesburg; that Albert Shaw, the noted editor, is a graduate of Iowa College; as is also Jesse Macy, one of America's most noted political economists. Frequent mention is made of the Rev. Dr. John C. Holbrook, who began at Dubuque in 1842 a ministry of twenty-two years, one of whose monuments today is one of the most influential churches in the Middle West. Of Dr. Holbrook it is said on one of the latter pages: "He wrote his Recollections of a Nonagenarion' at the age of 89, and died at Stockton, California, well along in his 93d year. He was a Puritan of Puritans, a divine right Congregationalist, a preacher, evangelist, student, writer, a busy, tireless, efficient worker, a glorious man, the last of the patriarchs!" But space fails us to get all the rich nuggets out of this narrative. (Pilgrim Press, Boston; $2.00 net.)

"Preludes and Interludes." By Armory H. Bradford. This book contains messages from Dr. Bradford to his people at Montclair, New Jersey, during the last few months of his forty years' pastorate. After physical weakness made it impossible for him to give the regular morning sermon he wrote these messages, and they were printed in the weekly calendar; sometimes were read by him from the pulpit. They are on such subjects as: The Universe, God, Man—the Child of God, Human Brotherhood, Immortality, What Is Salvation, Sin, The Way of the Cross, Christ the Interpreter, Miracles, Prayer. On one of the opening pages we find "A Civic Creed," which we give in our Home Department this week. Writing of his belief in personal immortality Dr. Bradford says that he does not dogmatize but that he has faith "that spirits will grow intellectually and morally forever and forever; that spiritual bodies will be quite as easily recognized as bodies of flesh; that those who go from us continue to love and serve those who remain behind." Again he says: "I believe that all laws are administered by love, that all the stars are in the leashes of love, that history is the expression of love, that every human being will spend all his days in love, and that from the love which was manifested in Jesus Christ, no one in time or eternity will ever escape."(Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, $1.00 net, postage 10 cents.)

"Religious Education in the Home." By John D. Folsom. The author says in the preface: "The lack of right home cultivation of the religious life is everywhere felt to be a very serious hindrance to the work of the Church. The more the subject is studied the deeper will grow the convictions that in our efforts to lead the young into the religious life we have not begun early enough; and that we have depended too much on instruction, ignoring some things of much greater importance. That we have been at fault somewhere is clearly evident from the results. One generation of children arises from another, and always the drift of the majority is away from Christ.| The Sunday-school cannot hold them; the church cannot reach them. Of course the trouble is not altogether with defective home education, but here is where a large share of it will be found." Accordingly a discussion of some of the general principles of religious education in the homs is presented with the hope that it may be helpful to parents, and to pastors and teachers who may wish to give direction to that end. The book is replete with good thought on Environment, Suggestion, Imitation, Instruction, Training, Home Government, Personality, and Stages of Growth. It ought to prove widely helpful. In our Home Department this week will be found an excerpt from this book. (Eaton and Mains, New York, 75 cents net.)

"The Making of the Bible." By A. E. Dunning. This primer of introduction to the study of the books of the Old Testament will be found very valuable as a text-book for teachers and students of adult classes. It has grown out of Dr. Dunning's experience as a Bible teacher. It will be useful to teachers also in giving boys and girls knowledge of fundamental facts concerning the origin and growth of the Old Testament writings. Although published only a few months ago the book is already extensively used. The fact that the author is Dr. Dunning, for many years connected with Congregational Sunday-school work, and later editor of The Congregationalist, eminent in all that he did in those positions, will commend the book to very many without examination. (Pilgrim Press, Boston, 75 cents net.)

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

A man 81 years old united with a church in Los Angeles last week, making confession of Christ then for the first time.

A Los Angeles correspondent writes of Gipsy Smith's work in that city: He leaves a wholesome fragrance behind him in all the churches, and a definite Christian conversion for over 1,500 persons."

The First Congregational Church of Oakland finds it necessary to limit the office hours to eleven to twelve in the morning and from three to five in the afternoon. An announcement concerning this states: "This is absolutely necessary if we are to accomplish successfully the work that ought to be done for a church of this size." This gives the church secretary a few hours without interruption.

They who now constitute the program committee for the Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity are trying to have the members take their places on the program in alphabetical order. The editor of The Pacific was informed this week that four having been passed for various reasons, his turn would come next Monday. He has in mind a paper at that time on the question, "Is it the Shadow of Anarchy?" and hopes to find time for its preparation. This is suggested by an article by Prof. John Graham Brooks in a recent issue of the Boston Transcript, on some of the sinister movements of today, to which he gave the title, "The Shadow of Anarchy." It is ominous when such men as John Graham Brooks feel impelled to write on "The Shadow of Anarchy."

It is expected that the Rev. George Lawton of Owosso, Michigan, will enter on the pastorate of Mission Congregational Church, San Francisco, on the 10th of March. Mr. Lawton is a Baptist. He was born in England; and, like Dr. Aked and other English Baptists, lays no great emphasis on the question of the mode of baptism. It will be remembered perhaps by our readers that the Rev. Dr. McArthur of New York, an American Baptist leader, said when Dr. Aked was about to come here to take charge of the First Congregational Church that he could call on some one else to administer baptism when it was to be by sprinkling. So he could! But Dr. Aked didn't see any reason why he shouldn't do it himself; and very sensibly, too. Mr. Lawton is also a broad-minded man, and no one will ever

know from his work with Mission Church that he ever was affiliated with the Baptists.

THE MEN AND RELIGION FORWARD MOVEMENT.

San Francisco and other bay cities are to have during the next two weeks the uplift of the Men and Religion Forward Movement. The daily papers hereabouts, recognizing of late, as never before, the good resulting from all religious efforts, are giving the Movement generous space for announcements, and to them we refer our readers for dates of meetings, etc. As already announced in The Pacific men of prominence in religious and welfare work throughout the country are to speak at these meetings, and all who can give attendance will undoubtedly be much profited.
NOTE

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Fields Landing and Falk.—Rev. Marshall Meserve has been in this field since last May and has been doing excellent work. Young and energetic, the pastor and his wife have won the hearts of the entire people. They are confident that this field holds large opportunities of service and are proving it by their work. Such things as some count hardships they take as part of the day's work and thank God for the work. Both churches are making substantial progress.

Woodland.—On Sunday, Feb. 4, Supt. Rathbone visited our Woodland church in the morning, telling of the Home Mission work in this state and addressing the parents of the church in the evening. At the evening service the music is furnished by a boys' choir, which has been organized by the pastor's efforts. The parents are coming in increasing numbers to the evening service. The superintendent's visit furnished the occasion for a church business meeting at which it was voted to increase the pastor's salary by three hundred dollars per year. Well done, Woodland.

Sunnyvale.—The Sunday-school has adopted the International graded system and it is proving an impetus to the work. The Jr. C. E. society has carried off the county banner based upon best attendance and largest contributions to missions. At the last communion a man was admitted on confession of faith who has read the Old Testament 8 times and the New Testament 19 times. Eighteen years ago he held membership in an eastern church but was unable to make connection after the long period of years. The church has more than met its benevolences for 1911 and recently increased the salary $100 per year. The Methodist, Baptist and Congregational churches have established an interdenominational committee. As a result a union service once a month has been established, which has a full church attendance, and a religious census of the community has been taken.

Pittsburg.—On the 9th of this month for the second time since our present pastor has been with us, we had our annual meeting. Tables were spread for more than 100 guests and more than that number sat down to the really fine supper that was served by the women of the church. As President Wheeler has so often said, "it was good to be there;" and more than one said, "I wish that we could have such good times oftener." The supper was served in the new Sunday-school room finished last summer through the energy and persistency of the church clerk, who did most of the work himself. We have a good sized Sunday-school room (primary) and a study and kitchen which our pastor uses much with his good wife, who is a host in our church and Sunday-school. The reports made of the work were good with but one exception. At the beginning of the year our pastor divided his time between Oakley and us; but we soon felt that we needed all of his time so we gave him a call to that effect which he felt called of the Lord to do. Since then there has been no intermission, morning or evening, except in the mid-week meeting. In January 1911 we had 30 resident members and 20 non-resident, and in January 1912 we have 40 resident and 23 non-resident. Through the kindness of Mr. Hooper, the head of the land company here, we closed the year with all bills paid and over $100 in the treasury. We received 9 by letter and 4 on confession of faith. That is the exception spoken of above: the pastor's heart is heavy because there have not been more conversions. That is the great longing of his heart, and he doesn't seem to want to be satisfied at all unless there are souls saved.

PARK VILLAS, SAN DIEGO, ORGANIZES.

On Friday evening, Jan. 9, a little company of Congregational laymen and ministers participated in the organization of San Diego's fourth church of the Pilgrim order. For over a year Sunday services have been held weekly in a plain, rough, but thoroughly comfortable building in the Park Villas section of this young, "heavy feeding" city of the southwest, with its insatiable appetite for population. As this hill district grew, and grow it has, from dusty, scrubby fields to streets and walks and residences, the need of a religious center became more and more obvious. The lot had been secured and the edifice erected largely through the zeal and generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dick, of the Logan Heights church. With unwearying fidelity, kindling enthusiasm, sound wisdom and much personal sacrifice, Rev. Henry G. Miller has been coming in from Pacific Beach to conduct the Sunday afternoon services. This "more than Sabbath day's journey," repeated to the point of exhaustion, compelled him to give over the work to a younger man, and Rev. Isaac Cookman, formerly of Guthrie, Oklahoma, was drafted into the field. A quick and thorough canvass convinced him that the time for organization had arrived. Candidates for charter membership, to the number of twenty-six, presented themselves, and with Rev. Ralph Larkin, the missionary superintendent, presiding, this youngest church was very modestly but very definitely begun. The Congregational clergy of the vicinity who were present were Revs. Willard B. Thorp, of San Diego First; Stephen G. Emerson, of Logan Heights; John Doane, of Mission Hills; Shelton Bissell of La Jolla, and last, but foremost in the affection of the new membership, Rev. H. G. Miller. The work will be carried on at present under the direction of Rev. Mr. Cookman, and will be financed by the Conference, assisted by the San Diego Church Extension Society. Within a few weeks a council will be called and recognition given the church by its Congregational sister churches.

SHELTON BISSELL.

A NINTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

A large number of relatives and friends, mostly from the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, assembled in the apartments of Mrs. Stephenson, corner of Post and Green streets, February 5th, to celebrate the ninetieth anniversary of her birth. Mrs. Stephenson is a sister of Rev. Frank T. Bayley, pastor of Plymouth church, Denver, one of the earliest graduates of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and is the oldest living member of the First church, San Francisco.

Mrs. Stephenson, despite the physical infirmity incident to her ninety years of active, useful life, is mentally as bright and as alert as a girl, and in grace and brilliance of conversational powers was the equal of any lady in that highly cultured company. She is literally ninety years young. And is all in all a most graceful, handsome, queenly woman. One of the good ladies present put a dainty crown of lace and colors on nature's crown of silvery hair. Another lady spread a broad, gauzy silk scarf of the softest blend of delicate colors over her shoulders, making, with the floral offerings and other love tokens, a picture of loveliness long to be remembered.

Pastor Hoskins, of Ward Memorial Church, Oakland, was the only minister present, and by request acted as chaplain. He told feelingly of the privilege and pleasure of being a sort of assistant pastor during the residence of Mrs. Stephenson in the Home of Peace at Beulah Heights. He told of the joy that came into his life from carrying Christian greetings and messages of cheer and comfort to our beloved and sainted Dr. Adams at the ministers' meetings, and from Dr. Adams to the absent member of his flock during the many months of her residence at Beulah Heights. After a brief prayer of thanksgiving, the Doxology was sung with a depth of feeling and heartiness befitting the occasion.

NOTICE FROM THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA REGISTRAR.

If any Congregational minister or any church clerk in Northern California has not received a copy of the Conference minutes he may have same by writing to the Registrar, Rev. Chas. C. Champlin, 1649 Hayes St. Forty-five church clerks have not sent in their reports for 1911. Will each person seeing this speak to his church clerk about the report for his church.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

By Samuel Greene.

A very interesting event recently occurred at our Brighton Beach Congregational Church in the way of a

Happy Reunion.

Rev. L. E. Scholl furnishes us the following account:

Rev. R. D. Nichols, pastor of the Brighton Congregational Church, Seattle, and well known by Congregationalists in California and Washington, was located last fall by a long-lost brother and on January 18th the two brothers and their families met in Seattle in a happy reunion.

The story of their lives is singular and romantic. Born in Liverpool, their parents died within six months of each other, when Richard was two and John seven years old. The boys were separated and roughly cared for by relatives. Richard was taken to Dublin and John to Shropshire.

When Richard was fourteen he went to sea and was before and after the mast for ten years. Finally he landed in San Francisco and was converted in the Y. M. C. A. there. Recognizing his earnestness and ability he was asked to take charge of the Army post at the Presidio as Y. M. C. A. Secretary. He filled this position acceptably until the close of the Philippine campaign. In 1903 he came to Washington and took charge of the Congregational Church at Kalama. He was ordained in 1904. Since then he has held pastorates in Spokane, Lowell, Richmond Beach and now at Brighton Beach.

When John was twenty-one he came to Canada and like his brother was converted in the Y. M. C. A., also acting as secretary for a year. Then as a licensed minister in the Baptist church he covered a mission field including all the Northwest Territory. Later he was ordained and held pastorates in Nebraska, Illinois and Wisconsin, finally accepting a call to a Congregational Church in New England, North Dakota. Here he received a year book and in it found his brother's name. Correspondence began and the two brothers lost to each other for thirty years, wandering in widely different parts of the world, yet following the same straight way, were united again.

On January 21st John preached in his brother's pulpit. In the sermon he told the pathetic story of their separation, of their wanderings and final reunion. At the close he kissed his brother on the cheek as he sat beside him on the platform, and the congregation gave way to unrestrained tears.

Plymouth Church, Seattle, now employs, in addition to its Associate Pastor, Rev. Louis E. Scholl as director of Social Service. He was unanimously chosen to this very important position by the church and is a busy man.

All the churches in Seattle have been for some weeks in preparation for the Men and Religion Forward Movement and the group of men who are to lead this movement are some of them already in our city and will occupy several of the pulpits on the 18th, Fred B. Smith speaking in Plymouth. It is to be a week of great expectations and we trust that in the outlying cities and towns during the following week great results may proceed through the efforts of the laymen who, taking up similar service, may carry a large inspiration from the city meetings to all our churches and communities within a wide circle of surrounding country.

The church at Puyallup held its annual meeting recently and found, upon reviewing the year, that they had good reason for good cheer and much interest, for its resident membership had increased more than fifty per cent. Four others had come into membership during the year but had removed before the reports were made.

Although it did not seem possible to make their benevolences to the full amount of the apportionment, yet an advance was made so that now a better system has been adopted for the new year it is expected to meet them in full.

A committee consisting of the trustees, treasurer and pastor has been appointed to consider the matter of the re-location of the church, and if deemed advisable, to select new lots and by the sale of the present site to erect a more attractive and serviceable building.

Among the many very efficient members of our First church, Tacoma, is Mr. J. S. Ellisworth, and as a lay-worker has been for some weeks supplying the church at Long Branch, in the westerly part of Pierce county. The service has been so acceptable that a proposition to have

given the good man a call was about to be made, that he might become their pastor. Declining that office he has accepted an invitation to continue with them as supply for a few months.

Seattle, Feb. 17th.

OREGON LETTER.

George H. Himes.

The writer has frequently heard this question raised, "When and where was the United Presbyterian Church of the United States organized?" and has heard it stated occasionally that it was organized in Oregon, at or in the vicinity of Albany, but the date was uncertain. In recently overhauling some of the old newspapers which I have gathered during the past twelve years I came across the following correspondence in the Oregon Statesman, of December 18, 1852, then published at Oregon City, which I quote in full, as it gives the desired information:

"Mr. Editor: As everything bearing on the social condition of this territory must be interesting to the intelligent reader, I would ask space in your paper for a short article on ecclesiastical matters.

"It is known to many of your readers that there were two small societies of Christians in Oregon known as the Associate Presbyterian and the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Churches. They were of Scotch, and, as their names would indicate, the same, origin. Their separation grew out of causes which have long ceased to exist, and the brethren of the two bodies in this territory—conscious that there was no good or sufficient reason why they should remain in a state of separation—after holding some two or three conferences on the subject, resolved to unite. This resolution was consummated on the 30th of October last, and the new church adopted, as the name by which she would be known, the title, 'The United Presbyterian Church of Oregon.'

"This church is embodied in one Presbytery, numbering seven ministers and over two hundred members. And as the information may be serviceable to many of the newly arrived immigrants, the names and post office address of the ministers are here given: Rev. James P. Millar, Albany, Linn county; Rev. Thomas S. Kendall, Albany, Linn county; Rev. Samuel G. Irvine, Marysville, Benton county; Rev. Wilson Blaine, Calapooya, Linn county; Rev. James Worth,* Calapooya, Linn county; Rev. Jeremiah M. Dick, Champoeg, Marion county; Rev. Stephen D. Gager, Eugene, Lane county." * Temporarily.

"The United Presbyterian Church of Oregon is an enterprise. It owns no ecclesiastical connection or allegiance out of this territory; and it is dependent wholly on its own domestic resources for its pecuniary support.

"In doctrine it is thoroughly Calvinistic, accepting the great leading doctrines of the Westminster Confession of Faith as 'the exhibition at large of its doctrinal principles.' The Presbytery has agreed upon and is preparing for publication a 'brief manual' of doctrine and discipline, which is to constitute the bond of fellowship.

"Thus, one of the divisions of the Christian Church is removed, and one practical step taken towards Christian unity. Why not go a step further and labor for a coalescence between the United Presbyterians and the Old School Presbyterians in this Territory, so that there may be only one Presbyterian Church in Oregon?"

There is no way of ascertaining which one of the above mentioned seven ministers wrote the above article, but in my judgment it was Rev. Wilson Blain, formerly of Oregon City, and for a time the editor of a newspaper there in 1850. Besides, he had a personal acquaintance with Mr. Asahel Bush, then the editor of the Statesman. The Mr. Millar alluded to was the father of Mrs. Elizabeth Millar Wilson, one of the staunch members of the Dalles Congregational Church; and I believe the Mr. Dick referred to is the father of Rev. Jeremiah M. Dick, who has been engaged by the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society to do missionary work in Western Washington for several years, a former pastor of the Hubbard, Oregon, Congregational Church.

The Home.

A RULE FOR LIVING.

If thou wouldst live unruffled by care,
Let not the past torment thee e'er;
If any loss thou hast to rue,
Act as though thou wert born anew;
Inquire the meaning of each day,
What each day means, itself will say;
In thine own actions take thy pleasure,
What others do thou'lt duly treasure;
Ne'er let thy breath with hate be supplied,
And to God the future confide."

—Goethe.

A CIVIC CREED.

I believe that the place in which I live, while I live in it, should be regarded by me as the greatest place in the world; and that, as it gives to me the best which it has, it deserves from me the best that I can give to it.

I believe that my duty to my city and to my country is as sacred as my duty to my family and to my church, and a part of my duty to God.

I believe that service to the public is one test of true religion, and that the right use of the ballot is a sacrament as holy as the Supper of the Lord.

—Armory H. Bradford.

CHILDREN SPOILED BY TOO CLOSE OVERSIGHT AND UNWISE CORRECTION.

Some mothers spoil their children by too close oversight, under which no child can develop naturally or even do his best, being practically smothered by maternal solicitude. Some mothers cannot rest easy in their minds if they do not follow up the child in the smallest matters, and then hold him often under the microscope like a fly impaled on a needle, to seek out his minutest faults. The consequences are often very painful and always very disappointing.

Discipline has an important bearing on the religious life. How may we correct the child when he falls into erroneous ways and not hinder but, rather, advance his moral and spiritual growth? This is a problem that seems to be hard to solve if we are to judge by the multitude of failures. It would clear the atmosphere somewhat to remember always the purpose of correction. It is not, as some appear to think, to assert or to maintain parental authority; certainly it is not to take revenge on the child. Imagine a parent charging upon his little faulty child like a war-

horse rushing into battle and shouting, "I'll let you know who is master here," or crying in hot anger, "I'll make you pay for this, young man." This is to travesty home government, and throw all good parental influence to the winds. The object of parental correction is the restoration of the erring child to his moral balance. He is like a baby learning to walk who loses his balance and falls. As we hasten to pick up the little one and stand him on his feet again, so, with equal kindness and patience, we are to come to the rescue of the erring one and restore his uprightness, restore him to loyalty to the law of love with a higher and truer purpose than before. Rightly made use of, the mistakes and errors of the child may only prove opportunities to help him upward to a higher and better life. Professor Rugh says that discipline and punishment are teaching processes, as much as are grammar and arithmetic lessons, and because the child's errors show where he specially needs help, we may even welcome the occasion for discipline. Not that we are glad to see the child go wrong, but glad to find the weak points in his character, that we may lead him to strength. It will be a happy day for teachers and parents when they can adopt this view, and thus, instead of being irritated by the child's faults, welcome the opportunity they offer for kindly service in helping the erring one to a nobler life.

With this object in view all correction will be given in the spirit of sympathy and kindness, and never in the spirit of anger and revenge. Corporal punishment and severe penalties will seldom be needed; they too often harden the child rather than help him. It is most unfortunate whenever a parent or a teacher is not able to think of any better way of correcting faults. The birchen rod in the schoolmaster's hand is a reflection on his intelligence. Scolding and threatening are never once to be thought of, much less the wearying fine rain of constant complaint and fault-finding. These things do no good whatever, but harm always. As we have suggested, the parent is to be an artist, not, like Michael Angelo, bringing from the marble block an angel indeed, but an angel without life, but fashioning living and growing souls into sons of God. The way some parents go at it is like trying to pound out an angel with a hammer.—From "Religious Education in the Home," by John D. Folsom.

THE BREAKER OF BARRIERS.

"In the years that have been I have bound man closer to man
And closer woman to woman;
And the stranger hath seen in a stranger his brother at last
And a sister in eyes that were strange,
In the years that shall be I will bind me nation to nation
And shore unto shore," saith our God.
"Lo! I am the burster of bonds and the breaker of barriers
I am he that shall free," saith the Lord.
"For the lingering battle, the contest of ages is ending,
And victory followeth me."

—Stephen Phillips.

JUST A SUGGESTION!

It was Monday morning, and a rainy one at that. Mother was busy from the moment she sprang out of bed at the first sound of the rising bell. Others beside children got out of bed "on the wrong side," as this mother can testify. She began by thinking over all that lay before her. It made her "feel like flying!" Bridget would be cross; as it was rainy, there would be a chance of company for lunch, so the parlor must be tidied, as well as dining-room swept, dishes washed, lamps trimmed, beds made, and children started for school. Her hands grew hot as she buttered bread for luncheon, waited on those who had to start early, and tried to pacify the little ones and Bridget.

"My dear, you are feverish," said her husband, as he held her busy hands a moment. "Let your work go, and rest yourself—you will find it pays."

"Just like a man!" thought the mother. "Why, I haven't time even for prayers!" But the little woman had resolved that she would read a few verses in her Bible before ten o'clock each day; so, standing by the bureau, she opened to the eighth chapter of Matthew, and read those words: "And he touched her hands, and the fever left her; and she arose, and ministered unto them."

It seemed to that busy wife as if Jesus himself stood ready to heal her—the parlor might be a little disordered—she must feel his touch! She knelt, and he whispered: "My strength not yours child, is sufficient." "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." "My yoke is easy. This yoke you have been galled by is the world's yoke, the yoke of public opinion, or housewifely ambition; 'take my yoke upon you, and learn of me * * * ye shall find rest.'"

The day was no brighter, the work had still to be done, but all day she sang. "This God is our God, my Lord and my God."

It is true that, when the friends came, no fancy dishes had been prepared for the table, but the hostess' heart was filled with love for them as members, with her, of Christ, and they went away hungering for such a realization of him as they saw she had.

"Ah," said her husband, when he held her hands once more, "I see you took my advice, dear; the fever is gone."

The wife hesitated—could she tell her secret? Was it not almost too sacred? Yet it was "the secret of the Lord," not hers, and would glorify him. Later on, when, they sat together, she told him who had cured her fever, and said quietly. "I see that there is a more important ministry than housekeeping, though I don't mean to neglect that."

"Let us ask the Lord to keep hold of our hands," said her husband. "Mine grow feverish in eager money-making, as yours do in too eager housekeeping."

This is no fancy sketch. Dear mother, anxious housekeepers, let us go again and again to Him, that He may touch our hands, lest they be feverish, and so we cannot minister, in the highest sense, to those about us.—J. E. Jewell.

Our Young People

THE ANIMALS' MOVING PICTURE SHOW.

There was a great commotion in the brown and green woods, for Sir Bruin was to give a moving picture show in the schoolhouse. Bless your dear hearts! the show was to be given on Saturday, when not a boy or girl was within sight or sound.

It was a grand procession which wended its way to the little red schoolhouse. The squirrel family was out, to the very tiniest, newest baby chipmunk. The woodchucks, the

foxes, and the deer took their places, some on chairs and some on the desks. Fancy if the teacher had caught them! The field mice came and sat on the wide window sills, and a blackbird perched on a map which hung on the wall. Hippity, hippity, hop, hurrying for fear of being late, came the toads, big ones and little ones.

A crow, dressed in his best black shiny coat, stood at the door and took tickets. Now, what do you suppose was the price of admission? Why, the squirrels brought nuts; the birds, red partridge berries; the bunnies, clover tops. Each one offered his choicest treasure from his woodland storehouse.

Then Sir Bruin commenced to throw the pictures on the screen. Oh, dear me, the pity of it! For the very first picture was of a boy, a boy who went to the little red schoolhouse, stoning a fat, brown baby woodchuck.

"Oh, my poor little chuckie!" sobbed Mother Woodchuck, wiping her eyes with a gossamer web which she had plucked from the grass on her way to the show.

"Poor chuckie!" echoed Papa Woodchuck. "I told him boys were bad, and to run home if he saw one."

"Boys are bad," and the big bear's voice, which was usually so kind, sounded quite growly. "Look at this."

It was the picture of a mother doe crashing through the woods in search of her fawn who had wandered away. Back and forth, back and forth, up and down the woodland paths ran the mother, until by and by, straight ahead through the trees, she saw two boys, and in their arms they carried her baby.

You have seen squirrels scampering in the parks, and many of you have seen them in the real woods, but I hope none of you have ever seen one living in a cage. Yes, there are poor little squirrels who are made to dwell in cages, when they are longing to be free and at play with their brothers and sisters. No cage, however large, is equal to a leafy tree in the fragrant pine woods. And this was the picture which Bruin next showed—a large store on a busy street. In one window of the store were several cages, and in each cage was a squirrel running round and round, round and round, looking for a way to escape.

There was not one in the audience but who had left a brother or a cousin or a friend in this way, and great was their indignation. But the effect of the next picture caused the greatest surprise—to Sir Bruin at least.

First, you see Mr. Rabbikins hopping along through the green ferns. Suddenly he stops and sits up and sniffs the air. "Carrots!" he says to himself; and there, sure enough, close at hand under a box—a very funny place for carrots to be growing—Mr. Rabbikin spies a nice yellow carrot. Under the box he steals, nibbles, nibbled, nib—bang! Down comes the box, and Mr. Rabbikins is a prisoner.

"Daddy, daddy," cried a little white rabbit; "I want my daddy."

"That explains why papa did not come home to us last night," cried the little white rabbit's mamma. "I must go and release him."

"We'll all go!" shouted all the animals together, and away they scampered and hopped and glided and ran, each in his own way.

"Very unusual, very unusual," said the big brown bear, as he scratched one ear and looked around at the empty seats. "It's the first time that my audience ever took to its heels in this fashion. However, I'll just slip in another picture, and sit down and wait."

He did not have to wait long, for with such a number to the rescue of poor Mr. Rabbikins, the prisoner was soon freed from the trap, and, with his little white rabbit on one side of him and Mrs. Rabbikins on the other, was given a place of honor in the front row of seats.

When the show was over—and I cannot tell you all the pictures which Sir Bruin showed—the question was how they could punish the cruel boys.

At last a robin readbreast spoke. She it was who had had her nest robbed of three tiny blue eggs. "I think," said the robin, "that, if we leave the pictures here and let the children see how cruelly a few of their playmates have treated their little woodland brothers, the naughty boys will feel so ashamed that they will never harm us again."

And what the robin said came true.—Gertrude Windham Fielder, in Our Dumb Animals.

THE "WHY" HABIT.

When Peggy and Rose were very little girls they had the "why" habit. When father or mother told them to do anything, they would invariably say, "Why?" Father often said, "Soldiers never ask why; they obey without asking the reason.

One day mother said, "It's such a nice, sunshiny afternoon, let's take our lunch and go in the woods." Peggy and Rose hopped and skipped merrily over the road, while father and mother walked behind; and presently they turned into the cool shade of the chestnut grove. Just beyond the woods was a high bank, along which was a railroad track; and Peggy said, "May we go and see if any trains are coming?"

Trains always had a great fascination for the little girls, so father and mother said yes, and they all went farther on and sat on a rock in the field, where they could see the train if it went by.

Presently Rose said, "Father, I see something moving on the bank, close by the track. What it is? And Peggy said:

"Look, there are five, six, seven little animals there!"

Sure enough, there was a big, fat mother woodchuck and a family of little baby woodchucks, and they were running about over the bank and up and down the tracks.

Probably some of the cars drop grain, and they are hunting for it," said father.

Suddenly the mother woodchuck sat up alertly, and made a queer little noise. Instantly every baby woodchuck flew to her, and together they disappeared into their hole.

"Why," said Peggy and Rose together, "why did they do that?"

Father was silent. Not a sound was heard for several seconds; then away off in the distance an engine screeched, then a rumble was heard nearer and nearer, and a train rushed over the track. After it was gone and everything was quiet, father said, "Did either of you hear one of those little woodchucks ask why they must go in when their mother called?"

And do you know that Peggy and Rose never asked why foolishly again.!—Youth's Companion.

"Mrs. Meddle makes so much trouble in this enighborhood."

"Yes, she has such a fine sense of rumor."—Life.

If the whole is ever to gladden thee
That whole in the smallest thing thou must see.
—Goethe.

BOBBY'S TROUBLE.

Mabel E. Haskell.

There's a little red Imp that's shut up in my mouth,
I have to watch hard every day;
If I'm not looking out for him all of the time,
He'll let some wrong words slip away.

If he hears mama ask me to bring in some wood,
The Imp tries to say, "By and by."
When she tells me I mustn't stay out in the rain,
He's anxious to fuss and to cry.

He has cross things right there when I play with the boys,
If they will not do as I say;
There was once (it was dreadful!) he managed to have
A wicked swear word get away.

Worst of all was the time that he let out a lie—
Made me want to sink through the floor.
But mamma washed his house out with water and soap;
He will not do that any more.

I suppose that the only thing now I can do
Is to fight him as hard as I can.
I hope he will learn to behave as he should
Before I grow into a man.

—Raleigh Christian Advocate.

Kindred Feeling.

The new cook who had come into the household during the holidays, asked her mistress:

"Where ban your son? I not seeing him round here no more."

"My son," replied the mistress pridefully. "Oh, he has gone back to Yale. He could only get away long enough to stay until New Year's day, you see. I miss him dreadfully, though."

"Yas, I knowing yoost how you feel. My broder, he ban in yail sax times since Tanksgiving."—Christian Intelligencer.

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